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#1

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THE YOUNG INDIANA JONES CHRONICLES

BY DAN BARRY & FRANK SPRINGER

THE YOUNG INDIANA JONES CHRONICLES

EGYPT
MAY 1908

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Adapted from the screenplay by Jonathan Hales

Story by George Lucas

This is a work of fiction. While young Indiana Jones is portrayed as taking part in historical events and meeting real figures from history, many of the characters in the book as well as the situations and scenes described are inventions of the author's imagination. In addition, where real historical figures and events are described, the author has, in some cases, altered the chronology and historical facts for dramatic effect.

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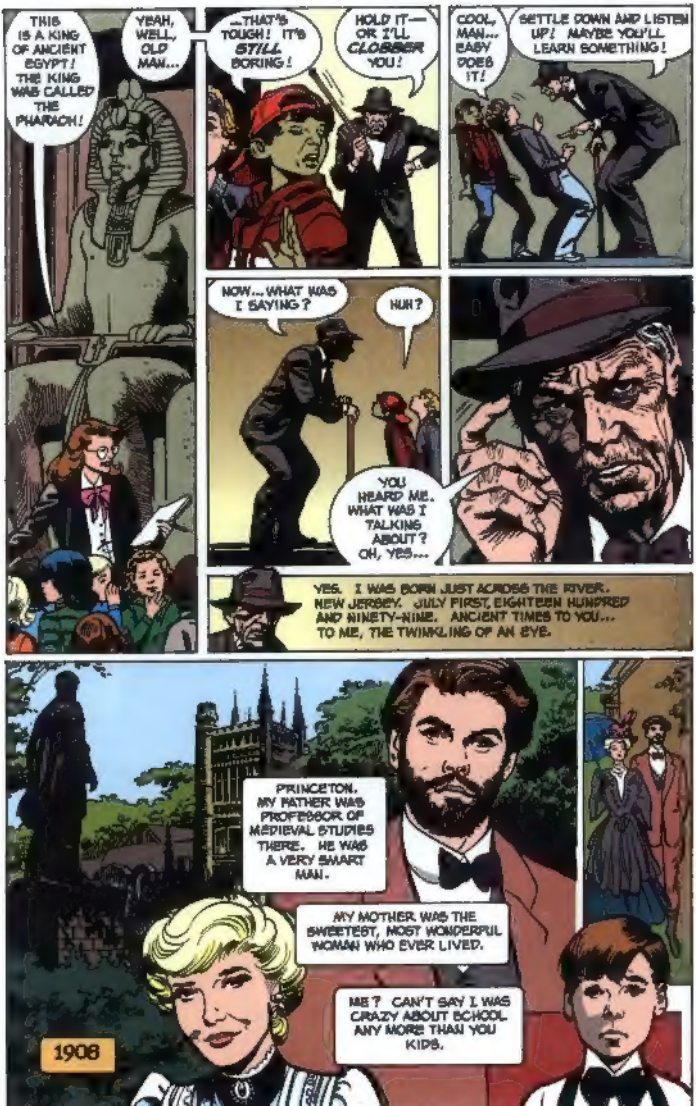
LET'S GO, JOSE. OUT O' HERE!
WHY AREN'T YOU KIDS IN CLASS?
HEY, BE COOL, OLD MAN! THIS PLACE IS BORING!
FULL OF JUNK!
BORING?! JUNK?!
WHY, SOME OF THE GREATEST ADVENTURES OF MY LIFE ARE SITTING IN THIS MUSEUM!


THIS IS A KING OF ANCIENT EGYPT! THE KING WAS CALLED THE PHARAOH!
YEAH, WELL, OLD MAN...
...THAT'S TOUGH! IT'S STILL BORING!
HOLD IT— OR I'LL CLOBBER YOU!
COOL, MAN... EASY DOES IT!
SETTLE DOWN AND LISTEN UP! MAYBE YOU'LL LEARN SOMETHING!
NOW... WHAT WAS I SAYING?
HUH?
YOU HEARD ME. WHAT WAS I TALKING ABOUT? OH, YES...
YES. I WAS BORN JUST ACROSS THE RIVER. NEW JERSEY. JULY FIRST, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE. ANCIENT TIMES TO YOU... TO ME, THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE.
PRINCETON. MY FATHER WAS PROFESSOR OF MEDIEVAL STUDIES THERE. HE WAS A VERY SMART MAN.
MY MOTHER WAS THE SWEETEST, MOST WONDERFUL WOMAN WHO EVER LIVED.
ME? CAN'T SAY I WAS CRAZY ABOUT SCHOOL ANY MORE THAN YOU KIDS.
1908

AT YOUR AGE, I THOUGHT I ALREADY KNEW EVERYTHING. I PREFERRED HAVING FUN...
BE RIGHT DOWN, INDIANA.
ARF RUF RUF
RUF ARF RUF
THEN ONE DAY, MY DAD WAS INVITED TO A WHOLE LOT OF UNIVERSITIES AROUND THE WORLD...
KRRUNCH
AND WE WERE GOING WITH HIM!

OUR FIRST STOP WAS OXFORD, ENGLAND.
OXFORD. WHERE MY DAD HAD STUDIED. HE SAID HE HAD A SURPRISE FOR ME.
SOME SURPRISE!
MORE LIKE A SHOCK!
HUMPH! HIS CLOTHES ARE APPALLING! HIS POSTURE LEAVES MUCH TO BE DESIRED!
MISS HELEN SEYMOUR!
HOW OLD ARE YOU, YOUNG MAN?
ARE YOU DEAF?
NINE.
HE MUMBLES.
NINE!!
IMPOSSIBLE! HE'S TOO YOUNG! I AM NOT A GOVERNESS. I AM A TEACHER!
YOU'RE THE BEST! HE NEEDS YOU!
OUT OF THE QUESTION.
I HATE HER! SHE'S A WITCH!
DARLING, MISS SEYMOUR TUTORED YOUR FATHER! HE THINKS THE WORLD OF HER.
THEN LET HIM GO WITH HER!
STALEMATE!

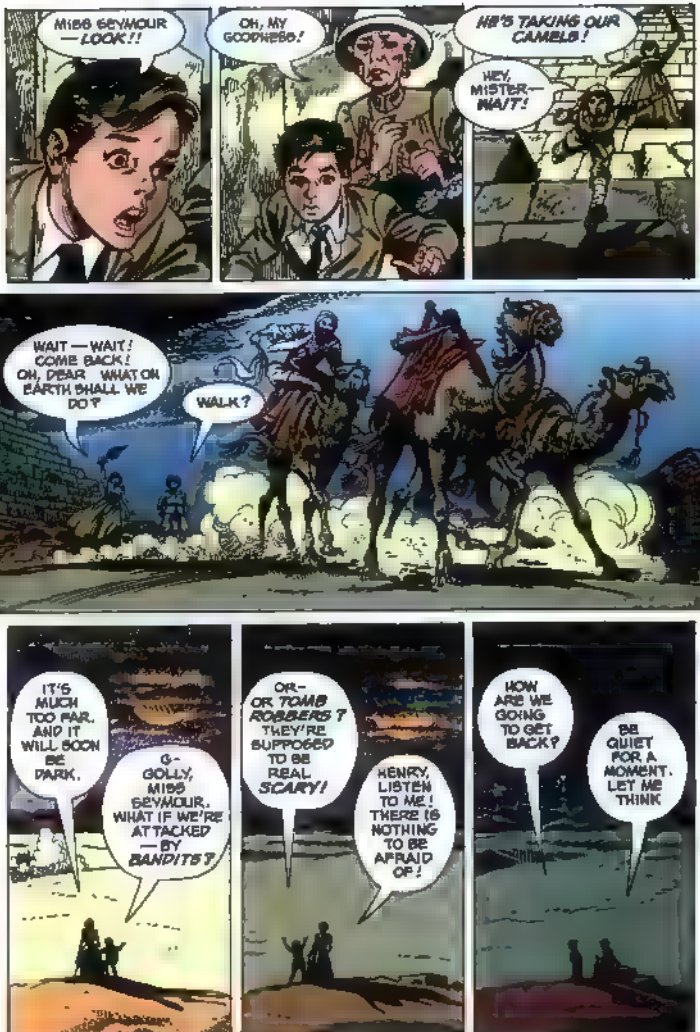
BUT, LIKE I SAID, MY FATHER WAS A VERY SMART MAN.
YOU'VE ALWAYS YEARNED FOR A CHANCE TO TRAVEL....
NOT A SINGLE MILE WITH THAT BOY.
THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA, THE GARDENS OF KYOTO. AHH, THE TAJ MAHAL BY MOONLIGHT ...SUNSET OVER THE PYRAMIDS.
MOM AND DAD ENJOYED THE VOYAGE SOUTH.
ME? I MISSED ALL THE FUN.
STILL, I HAD MY MOMENTS... LIKE WHEN THE SEAS GOT ROUGH.
HEAVY WEATHER, CAPTAIN! LUCKILY, WE BRITISH ARE A HARDY LOT, WHAT?
INDEED, BISHOP!
AND YOU, YOUNG FELLOW, WHAT DID YOU LEARN TODAY?
ABOUT MUMMIES, SIR! HOW THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS TURNED DEAD PEOPLE INTO MUMMIES.

OH...?
YES, SIR.. YOU SEE, THEY'D WAIT A FEW DAYS UNTIL THE BODY GOT SOFT, THEN THEY'D SCOOP OUT THE BRAIN.
FIRST, THEY'D DRILL UP INTO THE NOSE...THEN USE A HOOK TO TEE-EASE THE BRAIN OUT. REEEAL SLOW-LIKE.
'SCUSE ME...
THEN THEY CUT OPEN THE WHOLE LEFT SIDE OF THE CORPSE, REACHED IN AND PULLED OUT ALL THE LOWER ORGANS. THEY LEFT THE KIDNEYS IN.
NEXT, THEY'D OPEN THE CHEST...HAUL OUT EVERYTHING BUT THE HEART. THEY'D WASH ALL THESE, FOUR GOO ON THEM, WRAP THEM—
—AND PUT EACH ORGAN IN A SEPARATE JAR.. ONE FOR THE LIVER, ONE FOR THE LUNGS...
AFTER THEY CLEANED OUT THE BODY, DRIED IT AND STUFFED IT, THEY'D TIE ON THE TOENAILS AND FINGERNAILS...
...SO THEY WOULDN'T FALL OFF!
THAT WAS THE FIRST STAGE...THE EMBALMING.

HOW THEY'D WRAP THE WHOLE BODY IN BANDAGES. BUT SOMETIMES THEY LEAKED!
I BELIEVE I'M WANTED ON THE BRIDGE.
THAT WAS AN INTERESTING SPEECH, JUNIOR.
THANK YOU, FATHER.
NOW EAT YOUR TRIPE.
CAIRO 1908
AS SOON AS WE LANDED, DAD HAD TO VISIT CAIRO UNIVERSITY.
WHILE MOTHER HELPED HIM OUT ON THE SOCIAL SIDE.
SO I WAS LEFT TO THE WICKED WITCH.

THE GREAT PYRAMID. BUILT MORE THAN FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO!
BY KING CHEOPS, FOURTH DYNASTY.
VERY GOOD, HENRY!
IT WAS THE LARGEST STRUCTURE, EVER MADE BY MAN, THE FIRST EVER OF STONE, AND ONE OF THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.
VERY GOOD.
MISS SEYMOUR, WHY DID YOU GIVE HIM ONLY TEN PIASTRES? HE ASKED FOR THIRTY.
IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT! THESE PEOPLE EXPECT TO BARTER.
LET US GET ON. WE WERE SPEAKING OF THE PYRAMID.
KING CHEOPS MUST HAVE BEEN PRETTY OLD BY THE TIME THEY FINISHED IT!
SOME PHARAOHS LIVED TO A GREAT AGE. RAMESES THE SECOND WAS OVER NINETY—
OVER NINETY! GOLLY-GOSH! HOW CAN A PERSON LIVE THAT LONG?
HEY... YOU OKAY, MISTER?
EH? UHN, OF COURSE. WHERE WAS I? OH, YES...
—WHILE OTHER PHARAOHS WERE MERE BOYS, NOT MUCH OLDER THAN YOU, HENRY.
GEE-EE...

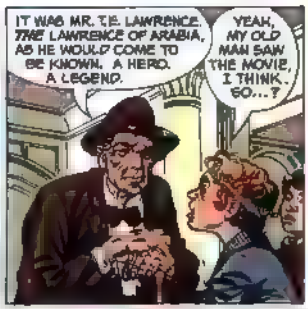
IT MUST HAVE BEEN *GREAT* TO BE A *PHARAOH.*


MISS SEYMOUR — LOOK!!
OH, MY GOODNESS!
HE'S TAKING OUR CAMELS!
HEY, MISTER— WAIT!
WAIT — WAIT! COME BACK! OH, DEAR WHAT ON EARTH SHALL WE DO?
WALK?
IT'S MUCH TOO FAR, AND IT WILL SOON BE DARK.
G-GOLLY, MISS SEYMOUR, WHAT IF WE'RE ATTACKED — BY BANDITS?
OR— OR TOMB ROBBERS? THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE REAL SCARY!
HENRY, LISTEN TO ME! THERE IS NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF!
HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET BACK?
BE QUIET FOR A MOMENT. LET ME THINK

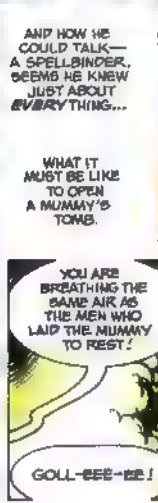
SOMEONE'S COMING. WE'RE SAVED!

WHAT IF IT'S ... A TOMB ROBBER ... COMING TO *MURDER* US?

HAVING A SPOT OF TROUBLE?
MR LAWRENCE!
WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE?


IT WAS MR. T.E. LAWRENCE. *THE* LAWRENCE OF ARABIA, AS HE WOULD COME TO BE KNOWN. A HERO. A LEGEND.
YEAH, MY OLD MAN SAW THE MOVIE, I THINK. SO...?

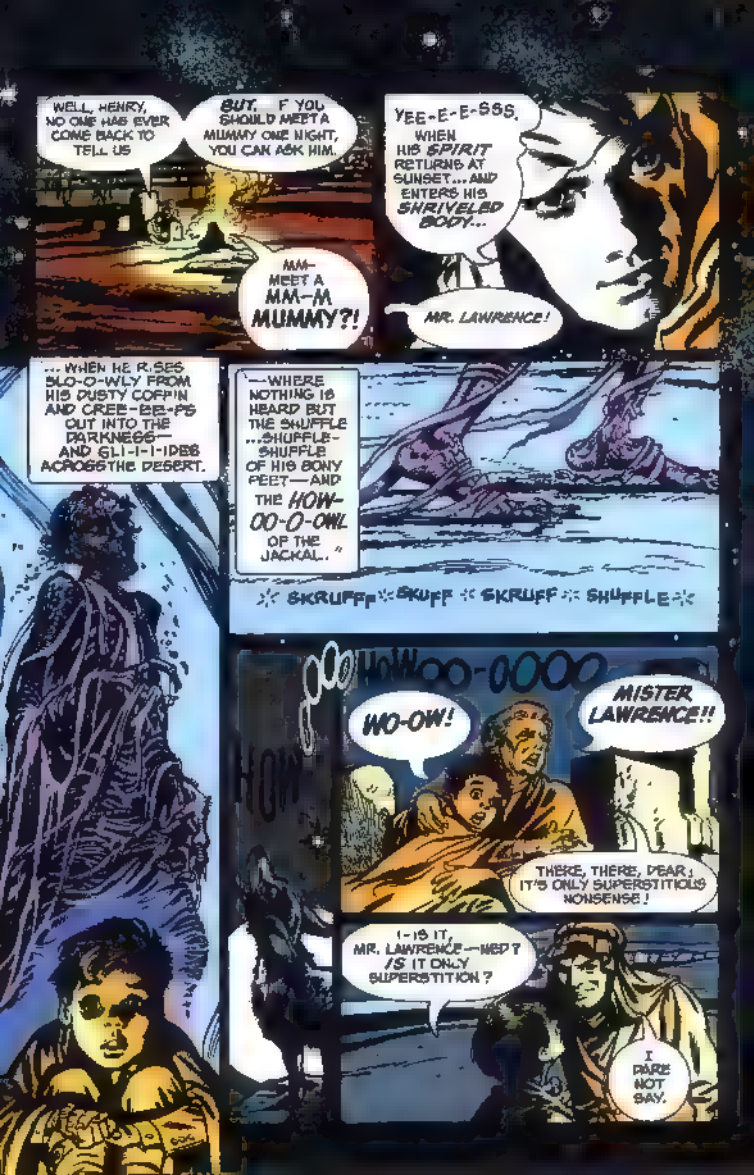
HE'D STUDIED WITH MISS SEYMOUR AT OXFORD. HE KNEW MY DAD'S BOOKS. WE BECAME PALS. AND HE MADE US FEEL SAFE.
NOT TO WORRY. THERE WILL BE PLENTY OF CAMELS ALONG IN THE MORNING.


AND HOW HE COULD TALK— A SPELLBINDER. SEEMS HE KNEW JUST ABOUT *EVERY*THING...
WHAT IT MUST BE LIKE TO OPEN A MUMMY'S TOMB.

YOUR FEET ARE THE FIRST TO TREAD THAT FLOOR IN *FOUR THOUSAND YEARS*.

YOU ARE BREATHING THE SAME AIR AS THE MEN WHO LAID THE MUMMY TO REST!
GOLL-EEE-EE!

I'D SURE LIKE TO BE AN ARCHAEOLOGIST!
PERHAPS YOU'LL DISCOVER A TREASURE BEYOND PRICE!
AND GET RICH?
NO, HENRY! ARCHAEOLOGISTS DON'T STEAL FROM THE PAST! THEY OPEN IT UP TO EVERYONE — AND MAKE THE WHOLE WORLD RICHER!
WE WENT ON AND ON. I WONDERED WHY MUMMIES NEEDED THEIR THINGS IN THE TOMB WITH THEM.
THEY BELIEVED THE SPIRIT WOULD REMAIN ALIVE AND NEED FOOD AND SHELTER, JUST LIKE US!
WOW! IS IT TRUE?
NO, HENRY! IT IS WHAT SOME EGYPTIANS BELIEVED.
WHAT DOES HAPPEN WHEN YOU DIE?
THE BOMBSHELL!
FOR MISS SEYMOUR — A MINISTER'S DAUGHTER — THERE WAS ONLY ONE "PROPER" ANSWER!
BUT NED (MR. LAWRENCE) OPENED UP A WIDE WORLD OF DIFFERENT BELIEFS...
.. FROM THE MOSLEMS' PARADISE..
...TO THE HINDUS' REINCARNATION
WELL, WHICH ONE IS TRUE?!


WELL, HENRY, NO ONE HAS EVER COME BACK TO TELL US
BUT, IF YOU SHOULD MEET A MUMMY ONE NIGHT, YOU CAN ASK HIM.
MM-MEET A MM-M MUMMY?!
YEE-E-E-SSS, WHEN HIS SPIRIT RETURNS AT SUNSET... AND ENTERS HIS SHRIVELED BODY...
MR. LAWRENCE!
...WHEN HE RISES SLO-O-WLY FROM HIS DUSTY COFFIN AND CREE-EE-PS OUT INTO THE DARKNESS— AND GLI-I-I-IDES ACROSS THE DESERT.
—WHERE NOTHING IS HEARD BUT THE SHUFFLE ...SHUFFLE-SHUFFLE OF HIS BONY FEET—AND THE HOW-OO-O-OWL OF THE JACKAL..."
SKRUFF SKUFF SKRUFF SHUFFLE
HOW
HOWOO-OOOO
WO-OW!
MISTER LAWRENCE!!
THERE, THERE, DEAR; IT'S ONLY SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE!
I-IS IT, MR. LAWRENCE—HED? /S IT ONLY SUPERSTITION?
I DARE NOT SAY.

NED WAS HEADING UP-RIVER TO THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS, THE SITE OF HOWARD CARTER'S BIG DIG.

AND DAD LET US GO WITH HIM!

I GOT MY FIRST LESSON IN READING HIEROGLYPHS, THE PICTURE-LANGUAGE OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

NOT A PHARAOH, MIND YOU, BUT STILL IMPORTANT
WILL WE GET TO SEE INSIDE IT?
I DO HOPE SO, MR. JONES!
OH, WOW! THAT WOULD BE GREAT!
MISTER GHALY—
—WHY ARE THOSE MEN SITTING IDLE?
THEY SAY THERE IS A CURSE ON THE TOMB. THEY ARE AFRAID
NONSENSE! YOU KNOW THERE IS NO SUCH THING. PUT THEM BACK TO WORK —AT ONCE, MR. GHALY!
OUR OVERSEER! I THINK HE FEEDS THEIR SUPERSTITIONS!
B-BUT THERE COULD BE A CURSE, COULDN'T THERE?
OF COURSE NOT, YOUNG MAN
TWEE-EEE
STEADY ON. DEMETRIOS IS GOING TO BLOW UP A ROCK
ALL CLEAR DOWN HERE, DEMETRIOS!
YOU MAY COVER YOUR EARS, MISS SEYMOUR
P-WHO

IMSHI.
IMSHI!
WHOOSH
ALL SAFE NOW.
POO-OOF
HE'S RECORDING OUR RECENT FINDS. POTTERY, LINEN, CLAY SEALS.
THIS ONE BEARS THE NAME: TUT-ANKH-AMEN
THE BOY-PHARAOH, MR. CARTER?
BOY-PHARAOH?
YES, MR. JONES - ABOUT EIGHTEEN WHEN HE DIED ABOUT YOUR AGE WHEN HE BECAME KING.
ONE DAY, YOUNG MAN, I HOPE TO UNCOVER HIS TOMB!
THE TOMB WE FOUND YESTERDAY — THE CHAP'S NAME WAS KAA — WE'RE ABOUT TO OPEN IT. CARE TO COME ALONG?
JEEPERS, MISTER CARTER, WOULD I!!

HERE WE ARE.
HELLO! ...THERE'S AN INSCRIPTION UP HERE...
HE...THAT ENTERS...MY TOMB..I SHALL...BURN WITH MY FIRE!
IT'S THE CURSE!
SHHH..
BREAK THE SEAL. OPEN IT!
KREEE
GOOD LORD! IT'S BEEN BURNT OUT!

SOMEONE GOT HERE BEFORE US!
TOMB ROBBERS?
OR THE CURSE?
SHHH!
LET'S OPEN THE SARCOPHAGUS!

LIFT!

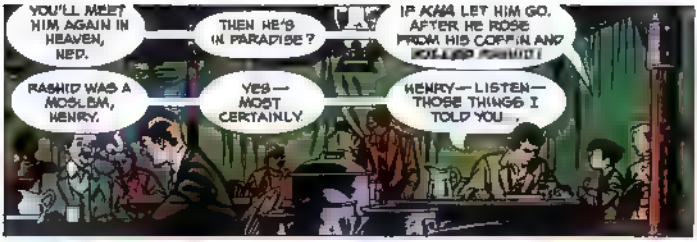
EXTRAORDINARY.
THIS, HENRY, IS KHA!

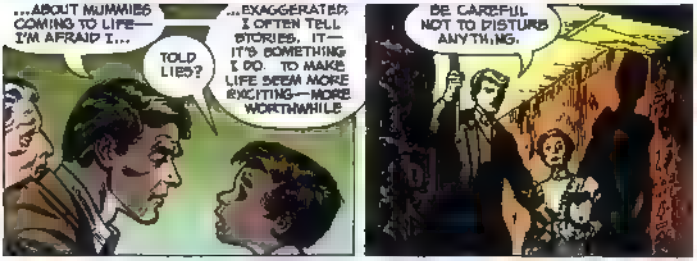
—NO ARTIFACTS IN HERE? THERE HAS TO BE ANOTHER CHAMBER.
OVER HERE, MR. CARTER!
VERY WELL, OPEN IT! BUT BE CAREFUL...

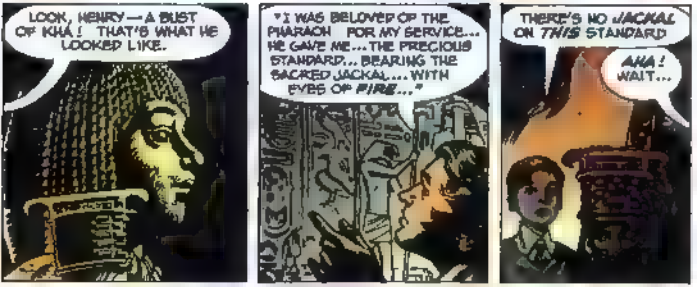
AS I FEARED— POISONOUS!
EVERYBODY OUT!!

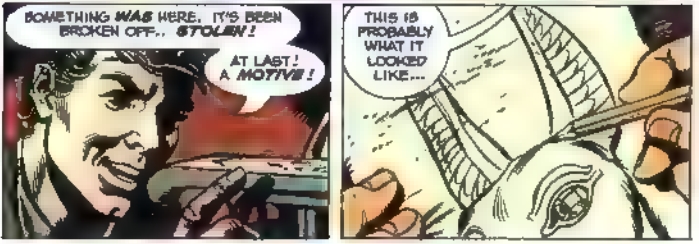
THE AIR WILL BE CLEAR BY MORNING. PUT A GUARD ON TONIGHT
SOMEONE YOU CAN TRUST.
I'LL GUARD THE TOMB MYSELF, SIR.
GOOD. BE SURE YOU'RE ARMED!
HOWOO - OOO - OOOOOOO
RASHID...! RASHID...!
PIERRE, HAVE YOU SEEN RASHID?
NO. WHY? —ISN'T HE HERE?
COME ON!
MON D'EU!
OH, WOW! THE MUMMY'S GONE
HE CLIMBED OUT OF HIS COFFIN AND GOT RASHID!

HENRY— DON'T BE SILLY!
RASHID!
HENRY— STAY AWAY!
RASHID...!
THE CURSE! THE CURSE!
LEAVE THIS PLACE!!
THE FIRE DIDN'T KILL HIM, SIR! THERE'S A HEAD WOUND. AND— WHAT'S THIS — SOME SORT OF SILVER POWDER. HIS LEG IS COVERED WITH IT!
NO ONE'S BEEN IN HERE. NOTHING LOOKS WORTH STEALING. NO JEWELS, GOLD...
THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE A MOTIVE...
OH, YES! "HE THAT ENTERS MY TOMB SHALL BURN WITH MY FIRE"!! THE CURSE!
CARTER WENT OFF TO CAIRO WITH RASHID'S BODY. THE DIG WAS NEAR-DESERTED, HEAVY WITH GLOOM.
GOD, IT SEEMS SO POINTLESS. MURDER WITHOUT MOTIVE. HE WAS SO YOUNG, SUCH A SPLENDID FELLOW...


YOU'LL MEET HIM AGAIN IN HEAVEN, NED.
THEN HE'S IN PARADISE?
IF KHA LET HIM GO, AFTER HE ROSE FROM HIS COFFIN AND KILLED POMPEII!
RASHID WAS A MOSLEM, HENRY.
YES— MOST CERTAINLY.
HENRY— LISTEN— THOSE THINGS I TOLD YOU...


...ABOUT MUMMIES COMING TO LIFE— I'M AFRAID I...
TOLD LIES?
...EXAGGERATED. I OFTEN TELL STORIES. IT— IT'S SOMETHING I DO. TO MAKE LIFE SEEM MORE EXCITING— MORE WORTHWHILE
BE CAREFUL NOT TO DISTURB ANYTHING.


LOOK, HENRY— A BUST OF KHA! THAT'S WHAT HE LOOKED LIKE.
"I WAS BELOVED OF THE PHARAOH FOR MY SERVICE... HE GAVE ME... THE PRECIOUS STANDARD... BEARING THE SACRED JACKAL... WITH EYES OF FIRE..."
THERE'S NO JACKAL ON THIS STANDARD
KHA! WAIT...


SOMETHING WAS HERE. IT'S BEEN BROKEN OFF.. STOLEN!
AT LAST! A MOTIVE!
THIS IS PROBABLY WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE...

IT'S AN IMPORTANT ARTIFACT AND BELONGS IN A MUSEUM, HENRY!
SO RASHID'S MURDER WAS JUST A SMOKE-SCREEN — TO COVER THE ROBBERY?
YES. THE "EYES OF FIRE" ARE PROBABLY PRECIOUS STONES.
BUT WHO MOVED THE MUMMY? A NATIVE WOULDN'T. TOO SACRED!
ONE OF THE EUROPEAN ASSISTANTS?
—OR SOMEONE WITH A FOOT IN BOTH WORLDS.
WHO KNEW THE CURSE, BUT DIDN'T BELIEVE IT. WHO NEEDED MONEY— AND HATED RASHID!
MR. GHALY! NED— WILL YOU ARREST HIM?
NO PROOF, HENRY! EVIDENCE. LIKE THIS POWDER FROM RASHID'S BODY.
LOOKS LIKE MAGNESIUM.
PHOTOGRAPHER'S FLASH POWDER!
I WAS DREAMING ABOUT THAT MUMMY— SHUFFLING AROUND OUT THERE, WHEN...
MMMPF...
EASY...
NED!
SHHH! I NEED YOUR HELP OLD LAD. I'M GOING TO SEARCH PIERRE'S TENT.
HE'LL KILL YOU!
NO— HE'S IN THE MESS TENT! I CAN SEE HIM
I WANT YOU TO KEEP YOUR EYE SKINNED. IF HE MOVES — COME QUICK AND TELL ME!

HOLY MOLEY!!
PLAY UP, OLD CHAP! AND PLAY THIS GAME!
GULP
TRUST ME, NED!
OMIGOSH! PIERRE.
THAT'S NOT THE WAY TO HIS TENT!
GU-ULP SO DARK.
HUH? THE TOMB?
POOOOF
OMIGOD! FOOTSTEPS!
COMING!!

EEEYIII
YOWOWP
CREEEEEK

THUD
EEE YEE-I-I-I-EEE-AGH!
EEEEEEE!
OH, MY GOD! PIERRE! HE'LL KILL ME!
HAA-ALP! HE'S GOING TO KILL ME!
HAA-HA! I CAN TELL YOU, KIDS, I'VE NEVER, EVER BEEN THAT SCARED — BEFORE OR SINCE!
JEEZ, OLD MAN— DON'T STOP NOW!
WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT HAPPENED?

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

...SO THEN WHAT HAPPENED?

In this issue you got to see young Indy meet [illegible] to remember Ned — years before Indy would have his adventures seeking the Lost Ark and the [illegible] Arabia," one of the most celebrated military [illegible] development of the Middle East as we know it today.

After meeting Indy, Lawrence went to Syria to see 12th century Crusader castles, which had been a passion of his since he was a schoolboy. While in Syria, he traveled alone, living among the Arabs. He shared their food and their customs, getting to know their language and their way of life. It was unheard of for an Englishman to act like this back then, but that was the sort of person Lawrence was. Even as a schoolboy he'd often visited Crusader castles in England, usually traveling by bicycle, living off the [illegible] with him. This gave him great stamina and taught him to go without food, water, or sleep for long periods of time, so living among the Arabs wasn't [illegible]

After Lawrence finished school, he worked in Syria for four years as part of an archaeological expedition, and learned even more about the Arabs and their lives. Back then Arabia (which wasn't just Saudi Arabia, but the whole region we now call the Middle East) was harshly [illegible] by the Ottoman Empire of Turkey. The Arabs had tried rebelling, but the punishment for rebellion was death — and worse: if a single Arab rebel was captured in a village, the entire village would be massacred in retaliation. Lawrence saw the oppression and brutality the Arabs endured, and saw their desire to be free. He longed to lead a new crusade — to free Arabia and its people from foreign domination.

And he got his chance. The Turks were German allies in World War I, so with the British controlling Egypt and the Turks ruling Arabia, the area was a trouble zone. The British wanted to attack the Turks, but the Turkish army was too strong. What they really needed was an Arab revolt that would engage the Turkish army so the British could attack Palestine with a chance of success.

The Arabs did revolt, in 1916, and captured several cities on the Red Sea. But the Turks sent thousands of troops into the area by train, and it looked like the rebellion would be crushed before it could accomplish anything [illegible] British officer serving in the Arab Bureau, went with his superior [illegible] the leader of the Arab rebels, to see if there was a way the rebellion could be saved.

Lawrence knew that simply reinforcing the Arab rebels with British troops would not work. The British were wedded to the idea of trench warfare, and the Arabs, with their swift-moving camels and their skill at individual hand-to-hand combat, were much better suited to guerilla tactics. He also knew that other Arab tribes would be reluctant to join Feisal if the British were involved. The Arabs hated the Turks, but at least both the Turks and Arabs were Moslems — and for many Arabs, the idea of letting Christians [illegible] over their holy lands would be worse than the Turkish domination. So Lawrence [illegible] that British aid be confined to supplies and a few advisors. His plan was accepted, and he was made liaison between the British and Feisal's [illegible].

From the start, Lawrence took an active [illegible] with the rebels. His knowledge of military strategy and tactics made him a brilliant [illegible]. For instance, most authorities, Arab and British, thought the rebels' first priority should be the [illegible] of the Turkish garrison at Medina, one of the holiest cities in the Moslem world. But Lawrence realized there was a better approach. Medina was the southernmost point on the Hejaz railroad, which brought food, ammunition, supplies, and reinforcements. A battle for Medina would [illegible] a large [illegible] number of lives. And even if the Turks were driven out, they'd simply retain the Turkish army in the north, creating even worse conditions for a British attack.

Instead, Lawrence let the Turks stay in Medina and, using small bands of Arabs, attacked the railroad itself. The Turks had to send more troops, both to guard the railroad and to repair it after the Arab attacks. Thus, with a mere handful of men, Lawrence [illegible] Turkish troops stuck in the south for the duration of the war, where they were useless to their commanders.

Lawrence was full of tricks like that. When the rebels decided to take Aqaba, a major northerly city that would make a great base for further operations, he made no attempt to hide the fact that he was assembling an army nearby. Rather, he spread the word — but let the Turks think the rebels were planning an assault on Damascus, which lay as far as Aqaba from where the army was gathering, but in the opposite direction. The Turks brought in extra men to defend Damascus, and were unprepared when the rebels attacked Aqaba.

Lawrence was a master of guerilla tactics, but he proved himself skilled at more conventional warfare, too. The next land battle he fought, in the town of Tafila, proved that. The rebels had taken the town, but a massive Turkish force was sent to reclaim it. The town's defenders set up their forces on a ridge north of the town, while Lawrence's men kept moving about, simulating a larger army, on a ridge a little further out. The Turks attacked the further ridge and Lawrence again retreated. Then the Turks discovered that the ridge they'd just occupied was a trap — the Arab forces had all their guns trained on the Turks, and were able to wipe out the Turkish gunners before the Turks could find the range to counter-attack. Once the gunners were out of action, the Arab cavalry swept in and routed the Turks in minutes. More than 1,000 Turks were captured or killed, and only 25 Arab lives were lost. It was Lawrence's only pitched battle — and he won a medal for it.

Not every mission of Lawrence's was a triumph. He had his failures as well, losing men to starvation and bitterly cold weather, watching carefully conceived plans go awry when one man blundered. But though Lawrence despaired from time to time, his British superiors were delighted with him. Throughout the war, Lawrence never had more than 5,000 Arabs, and most of the time the figure was closer to 600. But the Turks never knew what he would do next, or where the attacks would come from. Thus, they sent more and more reinforcements into the area around the Hejaz railroad. At one time, Lawrence and the rebels were responsible for immobilizing more than 55,000 Turkish troops — half the Turkish army south of Damascus. By this time, the British had begun their assault in Palestine; if not for Lawrence, they would have had to face twice as many Turks as they did. No wonder the British were happy with Lawrence.

But Lawrence never lost sight of his true goal: independence for the Arabs. The British had promised the Arabs that when the war was over, Arabs could keep whatever territory they'd liberated from the Turks, but Lawrence didn't believe that promise. He'd heard that the British had already made a deal with the French to divide up Syria, Palestine, and Mesopotamia between them after the war. Still, Lawrence wanted the Arabs to be in the best position possible — and that meant it had to be Arabs and not the British who captured Damascus, the heart of Turkish Arabia.

Lawrence and the Arab rebels couldn't simply attack Damascus: the British had smashed the Turks in Palestine, and 9,000 Turks were retreating toward Damascus. They had to be stopped before they got there and reinforced the city. The rebels still had only 600 men — but their guerilla tactics, which had proven so effective before, worked again. In one bloody night, the rebels destroyed the retreating Turks, leaving only 2,000 of them alive.

The Arab rebels reached Damascus first and took the city without a battle. They set up a provisional government and had restored order in the city by the time the British arrived. But as Lawrence had expected, the British didn't keep their word. Despite the promises made earlier (and repeated after the fall of Damascus), Britain, France, and India laid claim to much of Arabia at the Versailles Peace Conference. Lawrence, who attended the conference as Feisal's advisor, was furious — he was ready to lead the Arabian army against both the British and the French. But a compromise was worked out in which Feisal would rule a part of Syria from Damascus, under French control.

The compromise didn't last. By 1923, the French had seized Damascus and thrown Feisal off the throne, and Arabia was on the verge of rebellion. Lawrence was called in again — this time by Winston Churchill, then the British colonial secretary — to help solve the problem without violence. The French were completely unwilling to give up Syria, but Lawrence and Churchill managed to persuade both Britain and India to give up their interests in Arabia. At long last, Lawrence got to see a free Arabia, his dream of so many years before.

History never stands still, of course, and that's true for Arabia as much or more than anywhere else. The Middle East has been a region of turmoil ever since, from the creation of Israel after World War II to the recent Gulf War conflict. But T.E. Lawrence, who died in 1935 in a motorcycle accident, has gone down in history for his great contributions to Arab independence.

* * * * *

On November 26, 1922, a few months after T.E. Lawrence finally succeeded in winning freedom for much of Arabia, Howard Carter had his moment of triumph. But

where Lawrence championed the Arabs' future, Carter was a hero of the past. He made what many consider the most important discovery in the history of modern archaeology when he discovered the long lost tomb of Tutankhamen, the enigmatic boy-king of Egypt.

When young Indy meets Howard Carter in this issue, Carter has already come far. No one would have expected him to become an archaeologist — his family had been too poor even to send him to school! Born in 1873 in Norfolk, England, the young Carter had been tutored at home, and his father, a draftsman and watercolorist who made a living painting portraits of local aristocrats' pets, trained him to follow in his footsteps. But in 1890, Howard Carter's life changed forever.

Percy Newberry, an Egyptologist connected to the Egyptian Museum of Antiquities, was looking for someone to help him finish pencil tracings of some hieroglyphs. Lady Amherst of Hackney, for whom Carter's father had done some work, recommended the 19-year-old, and he was hired. After a short stint at the British Museum, Carter found himself in Egypt, where he eventually worked alongside some of the greatest names in archaeology. In 1907 he was hired as an archaeological expert by Lord Carnarvon, a wealthy British noble fascinated by Egyptology and the history that lay under Egypt's sands.

Archaeology back then was a very different field from what it is today. Many archaeologists of the time weren't so much scientists as treasure-hunters, digging more for ancient gold than for knowledge and history. The Egyptian government even encouraged this: it had little money to conduct digs itself, so it attracted foreign explorers by promising that they could take from Egypt half of what they discovered. And it was in this spirit that much of the excavation had been done — particularly in the Valley of Kings, where Carter did most of his work.

The Valley of Kings is possibly the most secretive burial ground in history. Before the reign of Thutmose I, Egypt's rulers had been entombed in pyramids and above-ground tombs, along with food, wine, weapons, works of art — everything the ancient Egyptians believed the dead king would need in the afterlife. And these necessities would be fit for a king: they were the finest work of the finest craftsmen, jewel-encrusted, gleaming with gold. Naturally, all this treasure attracted tomb robbers, and within a few generations at most, the pyramids were defiled and the treasures stolen. Thutmose I decided to build an underground burial chamber hidden away from the tomb robbers. His tomb was built in the Valley of Kings, and for centuries thereafter Egypt's rulers were buried there, in treasure-filled chambers completely invisible from the surface.

Thutmose's plan worked much better than the pyramids — but still, tomb robbers eventually found even the tombs in the Valley of Kings and defiled them, carrying off the treasures. It's often assumed that the pyramids and tombs were broken into long after the age of pharaohs, but that's not the case; most of them were looted during ancient times. And the little treasure remaining had been carried off by others over the centuries, so that no archaeologist had ever discovered an undisturbed tomb, or even one that had been only partially looted. They knew what an intact tomb would look like — paintings and texts discovered over the years described them fully — but only bits and pieces, fragments of the glorious whole, had been found.

By the time Carter and Carnarvon started work in the Valley of Kings, most people thought there were no more secrets to find there, that all the tombs had been discovered. But not Carter. The Valley had been searched many times over the centuries, but it had been searched haphazardly, by adventurers looking for a "lucky strike." Carter, on the other hand, had made a painstakingly detailed study of the Valley, compiling careful notes on every discovery made in the Valley, every scrap of information about the pharaohs that had been buried there. He was convinced that there was still more to find. And he took a different approach from most of his predecessors, searching the Valley methodically and systematically.

But Carter's methods were slow. He dug for years, interrupted only by World War I, and found virtually nothing — a few relics, but no tomb. And by 1922, Lord Carnarvon was growing discouraged. He'd been funding the work for years with little to show for it. And for all that he was spending — hundreds of thousands of dollars per year by today's standards — it wasn't beginning to look like even if they found anything, he wouldn't benefit from it. The new Director General of Antiquities intended to change the rules, to exert total government control over the digs, and total control over what, if any, artifacts the excavators would get to keep. Tired, discouraged, his health failing, Carnarvon decided in the summer of 1922 that the next year's dig would be the last.

And that's when Carter's methodical approach paid off. He and his crew had discovered the foundations of some workers' huts that dated back to the time of Rameses VI, and under these foundations, a tomb entrance. Because the hut foundations hadn't been disturbed, Carter knew that this tomb had been closed since it had been built, three thousand

years ago.

They'd found the tomb of Tutankhamen.

As it turned out, the tomb was not completely intact — robbers had broken into it in the two hundred years between Tutankhamen's death and the time of Rameses VI — but the thieves had been unable to carry away much. There were almost 5,000 works of art left in the tomb, including chariots, couches, statues, jewelry, and a magnificent series of nested shrines holding the sarcophagus and mummy of Tutankhamen himself. Nothing like this had been seen for thousands of years.

One of the treasures found in the tomb was the headdress which young Indy is pictured wearing on this issue's cover. Naturally, Indy couldn't have known what this crown looked like — not until Carter discovered it years later — but he wears it well, doesn't he?

The tomb's discovery was an immediate sensation. Newspapers around the world carried the story, and people everywhere were fascinated by tales of the discovery and speculation about what might be found as the tomb was explored. It took a decade to fully investigate the contents of the tomb, for Carter had to be even more meticulous about removing and restoring the objects found within than he had been in searching for the tomb itself, and in all that time public interest didn't slacken.

One of the longest-lasting stories associated with the dig, one that people still know about today, wasn't even true. It was the story of the mummy's curse that supposedly doomed any who entered the tomb. It started when Lord Carnarvon died a few months after the tomb was opened. Reporters, self-styled experts, and hangers-on, eager to add drama to the story, concocted the tale of a horrible curse laid by the pharaoh, and the story caught on. There were reports of cursed messages carved into the stone of the tomb, poisoned arrowheads among the artifacts, deadly bacteria in the tomb's air, and so on. None of it was true — in fact, the closest there came to a curse in Tutankhamen's tomb was a mild invocation on a candle, apparently intended to ward off sand from trickling into the tomb. Still, every time anyone connected to the dig died, newspapers would speculate that they were struck down by the curse. Elderly men in poor health, men who were sick before the tomb had been discovered, even those who had never entered the chamber but knew someone who had — they were all listed as victims of this nonexistent curse.

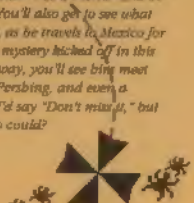
Still, curse or no curse, the excavation of Tutankhamen's tomb was fraught with trouble and tragedy. Not only was there Carnarvon's death, but there was press outrage over Carnarvon's granting exclusive news rights to the *London Times*, thus forcing them to buy the *Times*' stories rather than cover the dig on their own; there was political turmoil and legal jockeying over whether the Carnarvon estate had any right to any of the treasures Carnarvon had spent so much time and money finding; and there was a nationalistic upsurge in Egypt fueled partly by the thought of foreigners making decisions about what most Egyptians considered their property. Howard Carter wasn't good at playing politics or smoothing ruffled feathers, and as this fuss and fury demanded time and attention that he would rather have been spending on the excavation, he grew angrier and angrier, ultimately shutting down the tomb and going on strike just as they'd reached the stage of lifting the sarcophagus lid.

The Egyptian government responded by locking him out, and it took a further tragedy to get him back to work: the assassination of Sir Lee Stack, British commander of the Egyptian Army and governor general of the Sudan. In response, the British instated martial law in the country, replacing the nationalist government with a pro-British one. The lockout of Carter was rescinded, though not before it was finally settled that the old rules, which would have entitled the Carnarvon estate to a share in the treasures, were no more. The treasures of Tutankhamen were Egypt's and Egypt's alone.

But for all the chaos outside the work that went on in the tomb (when it was possible to work) was a model of scientific archaeology, exacting and meticulous. Carter was not much of a politician, but he was a consummate, careful archaeologist, and he did his job splendidly. He had made archaeology his life, and archaeology rewarded him with one of history's greatest secrets, a colossal triumph by any standard. After work on Tutankhamen's tomb had been completed in spring 1932, he retired from the field and returned to England, where he died six years later.

* * * * *

SO WHAT HAPPENS NEXT MONTH? In **The Young Indiana Jones Chronicles** *#2, you'll find out who killed Rashid. Was it Pierre? Did he steal the jackal-head? You'll also get to see what Indy was like at age 17, as he travels to Mexico for the final solution to the mystery kicked off in this issue — and along the way, you'll see him meet Pancho Villa, General Pershing, and even a young George Patton. I'd say "Don't miss it," but after that last page, who could?*



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(Maybe even get into a good barroom brawl.)

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